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The Cacique of Ontario.

AN INDIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

THOUGH Marano was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader, in the prime of youth, was comely, vigorous, and graceful. The sullenness of undaunted and indignant valour was portrayed by by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye, full of ardour and invincible firmness, surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution; their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their natural courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed.—The sense of her misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth, like Oneyo, may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may, by his death, be made desolate." She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years, she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed: and he who had been to her a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unfortunate victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him.—He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him; could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings? Meantime one of the elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then, with a look of stern severity, he thus addressed himself to the captive.

"The chaldron boils, the ax is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us: he lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never again behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death!"

"Inflict your tortures," replied he, my soul contemns them! I have no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred; massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a sister—I lost her! she was carried into captivity, and became the victim of savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, *for they are Britons!* Inflict your tortures: my soul contemns them; but remember, the day of vengance shall overtake you."

Marano was astonished—"Of Albany! Reft of parents by the tomahawk! and of a sister!"—Suffice it to say he was her brother—Mutual was their amazement,—their affection mutual. She fell on his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms. His soul was softened. Marano for a time was speechless. At length, weeping, and in brokens accents,—"And have I found thee! a brother to solace and support me! who will soothe me with sympathising tenderness! who will guide me through the weary wilderness of my sorrow! who will be to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn; my soul languished, and was afflicted; but now I will endure with patience!"—Then turning to the astonished multitude, "he is my brother! born of the same parents! If I have merited your favour, O save him from destruction." They were deeply affected. "Be not dismayed," said Ononthio;—he spoke with the consent of the Elders—"Be not dismayed. The brother of Marano shall be unto us as Oneyo." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger. "Young man, I have lost a son, Marano a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we are desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of Marano; by her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valour, and a steady boldness, may you inherit his renown." So saying, he presented him the calumet of peace, and a girdle of wampum.—Sidney listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. "To have given him his life, would not have surprised him; but the transition from resentment, to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension." "You reason," answered the Indian, "according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array

their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosom; and they give the hand of friendship while they meditate injury. They are not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to secure them from future wrong, but endeavour to ruin the offender, and overwhelm him with utter infamy. You was about to suffer death, and you accuse us in your heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to whom the Great Spirit hath imparted reason and reflection, that he is more depraved than the wild beasts of the desart: for they are not cruel, but in their own defence, and for their preservation. Judge not therefore of our conduct till you are acquainted with our motive, and have reflected on our condition. He is truly barbarous and and inhuman, who, to satify some lewd or or selfish appetite, unworthy of reason, unworthy of human nature, destroys the peace of the innocent, practises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the feeble and defencelesss, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the freedom of his people for gold. But the simple Indian is not inhuman. Our reason may be obscured, but our principles are innocent. Our passions may be excessive, but they are not corrupt.—Deeply afflicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and moved with high veneration for the memory of a gallant warrior, we thought of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his virtues.—As we grieve not for the deceased, who is happy, and whose memory will be for ever revered, but for ourselves, who are deprived of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honour the dead. You was about to suffer death, but to a resolute, undaunted warrior, death is not an injury; it exempts him from corporeal infirmities, and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. We admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve we now offer you our friendship"

"Can I," answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, "who am of a different origin, born of people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation?"

"It is the language of prejudice," replied Ononthio, "the simple unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a stranger to your distinctions. Is not the Great Spirit the father of us all? are we not all children of the same family? And have we not in the structure both of body and mind undoubted evidence of the same original? Nature, ever-wise and provident for her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their country. But nature never commanded us to hate and contemn the stranger. Like the Indian, you acknowledge the power, wisdom and benignity of the creating Spirit: It matters not though the external form and mode of your acknowledgment be different, or you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country; but give us your friendship and intrepid valour.

To this he replied,—"Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

"Away with you culture and refinement," said Ononthio, "do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of heaven? do they inspire you with peace, resignation, and fortitude? No! They unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! They promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discontent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement! Do they better the heart or improve the affections! The heart depises them. Her affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections as we receive them from nature are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished: ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian!"

[To be concluded next week.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Transient Observer.

I do not intend to trouble you with another periodical paper, Mr. HOGAN, as you may perhaps infer from my title, but shall communicate to you my observations from time to time, without regarding time or regularity, and whenever you have a spare corner, you may if you please insert them. In the last number of your Repository, I observed two new periodical writers, in nearly the same line with the principal part of those which have conveyed, or attempted to convey information or instruction to the public eye. As they appear to indicate a laudable emulation of youthful genius, they will no doubt be regarded with approbation by many of your readers. But it depends exclusively upon themselves, to continue to merit the favourable opinions which may have been conceived of them, or to excite the pity or contempt of the reader, by unsuccessful attempts to prove of utility to mankind. I have ever been of the opinion, that the essays of juvenile pens, should be regarded by the reader with indulgence rather than be examined with the scrutinizing eye of criticism, and while I forbear commenting upon any degree of puerility which the papers alluded to may evince, I trust the authors will listen with candour to those hints which are suggested with moderation and coolness, by one who is far from wishing to be censorious. That the *Pedestrian* and the *Gazer* are written by persons who have not been long accustomed to expose their effusions to the public eye, I believe will appear upon the perusal of them, self-evident, and require no demonstration. It will be well for the authors to consider, that they aim at a character of importance, and that they must proceed with deliberation, in order to support it with dignity and propriety. The season of youth is not well calculated for cool argument and dispassionate reasoning; it is therefore requisite that the authors should divest themselves as much as possible of the warmth of disposition, incident to their time of life, choose their subjects with reflection, and investigate them with deliberation. It is much more difficult, and requires much more discernment and ability to prosecute a work of the nature of that which they have commenced, than to throw their ideas into the form of unconnected essays, separate and distinct from each other. But in a periodical paper it is necessary that there should be a greater degree of connection

in the series of essays; there must be a proper spirit and consistency preserved throughout, or it will possess less energy than in the form of a single and simple essay. One of the writers mentioned, (the *Gazer*) has asserted, that he has been previously concerned in the prosecution of a similar undertaking, from which he has derived considerable satisfaction. This assertion may prove disadvantageous to him, rather than give additional weight to his observations, as he disclaims all title to the indulgence which, as an unexperienced writer, he might meet with: and the garb of humility would have been much more suitable for him to assume, in his situation, than that which seems to indicate a perfect acquaintance with his own powers, and reliance upon his own abilities. Besides, such a declaration is apt to excite the attention of the reader to his essays, and expose him to the attacks of criticism, while it adds nothing to his real importance, but rather excites suspicions of *vanity*. I hope that the authors will excuse these observations, and not suppose they are suggested by an inclination to find fault. I can assure them that I have been prompted solely by a wish that they may succeed in their attempts, and not expose themselves to the ridicule of the reader.

SENEX.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Pedestrian, No. 3.

Love was the informing active fire within;
Now that is quench'd the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.
ROWE.

THE old woman continued her recital: "Soon after John sailed, Mr. Williams accidently discovering his son's connexion with Molly, paid her a visit; he had before entertained an high opinion of her, and this interview confirmed his predelection: he freely gave his consent to their union, and promised to become reconciled to his son; hinting likewise, that he intended, at his death, to bequeath him all his property.

"At length arrived the period when John was expected home; Molly had already procured her wedding-clothes, and waited his arrival with a mixture of anxiety and joy. One day a person knocked at the door;—Molly opened it:—It was a sailor. "Can you inform me, young woman," said he, "where Molly Turner lives?"—"Yes, Sir," replied she, "I am the person; have you any business with me? The stranger hesitated, and she repeated the question; on which he looked extremely embarrassed, scratched his head, thrust his quid of tobacco alternately from one side of his mouth to the other, and at length said, "Mayhap, young woman, you may know one Jack Williams." The mention of this name operated like an electric shock on Molly, who hastily replied, "Yes;" and desired him, with an anxious countenance, to proceed. "God bless him," said the sailor, "he was as honest a lad as ever stept between stem and stern; but you know," continued he, hesitatingly, "the tightest ship cannot weather the storm for ever—" He was continuing his harangue, but Mary interrupted him by uttering an involuntary exclamation;—she would have fallen on the floor had he not caught her in his arms. Her mother came out at this instant, and the sight of her daughter reduced her almost to the same situation. The sailor placed Molly on a bed, and ran to the next house, where he hastily related what had happened, and desired the women to go to Mrs. Turner's. They went, and used the proper means for the recovery of Molly, whose senses at length returned, and with them a recollection of her misfortune, which she bewailed in the most pathetic terms: but her mother was more composed; years and experience had taught her to submit patiently to affliction; to her, therefore the stranger turned, and requested her company in private. They retired into the next room, where he informed her of all the particulars relating to John's death; he said, that in returning from England, the ship had been attacked by a French privateer, against whom the crew defended themselves bravely. In the course of the action, John received a wound, of which he lingered a few days, and then expired. During this interval, he called his messmate to his bed-side, and charged him, immediately on his arrival, to seek Molly, and inform her of his death; giving him at the same time a ring which he wore on his finger, and which he desired him to present to her, as a last memorial of his affection.

"Mrs. Turner could not forbear weeping, but soon dried up her tears, and returned to her daughter, to whom she imparted the melancholy circumstances. Poor Molly received the ring, which she constantly wore; but the shock was so great that she never wholly recovered; but pined about two months, and then sunk into an untimely grave."

Here the good old woman ceased speaking, and taking up the corner of her apron, wiped away the tear which glistened in her eye. I thanked her, and returned home, where I found a brilliant company assembled at tea; but my spirits were not in unison with their mirth, and the good humour and vivacity of all around me served only tore mind me of the melancholy scene of which I had been witness. I soon retired to bed, resolving in a few days to visit the widowed and childless mourner, and endeavour to place her in some situation in which her few remaining years may pass as happily as the remembrance of her calamities will permit, free from the chilling influence of poverty, and undisturbed by the hand of misfortune. T.

The Commentator, No. 20.

Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on Idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts, such by heaven design'd,
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
YOUNG.

WHAT is it that is the parent of every species of villainy?—Indolence. Let parents then be careful to crush it in their children while yet in embryo, and it will be the most feasible scheme that can be adopted, to reform mankind, and purge society of those vices with which it is encumbered, and which are in a great degree fatal to its peace. Excessive indulgence may be considered as the cause of indolence;—for it is this that gives animation to the lurking fiend, moulds it into form, encourages its growth, and finally, when it has attained perfection, when it has infected the whole mass, where, at first it was but a particle, dormant and imbecile, sends it forth to prey upon society, to generate vice of every description, and corrupt the whole body of mankind. Let us take a view of the progress of a man from the time that this principle is first imbibed, from a peculiar mode of education, or engrafted by nature. Let us suppose him to be so unfortunate as to be the son of parents who are attentive to both his real and imaginary wants, and are eager not only to gratify his inclinations when known, but are desirous of anticipating them. This supposition is by no means unnatural, as almost every reader may, I have no doubt, testify from experience. Under the care of these fond parents, ever solicitous for his welfare, ever fearful of the occurrence of accidents, and ever desirous of shielding him from mortification and disappointment, though mistaken in the means proper to

effect their wishes and designs; who are so superfluously careful of his health and happiness, as to prevent him from laying under the necessity of doing any thing that is not perfectly consonant with his childish ideas of ease and pleasure, even under their care is the seed of his future unhappiness, and the foundation of regret, sorrow and remorse nurtured by indulgence, and fostered by gratification. The dormant foible not only "*grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength*," but increases with greater rapidity. As he approaches the season of manhood, and has arrived at that period when activity gives new vigour to every muscle, and braces every sinew, he is unhappy, because he cannot indulge in the animated sports and cheering pastimes of his companions, without inconvenience to himself, and a violation, as it were, of his very nature. For so firmly rooted becomes the habitual indulgence of idleness, that it assumes a permanent and irremovable stability. Too idle to acquire resources of mental gratification, he sinks gradually into a state of sullen discontent, or of repining stupidity. Thus, if in possession of the gifts of fortune in a greater degree than is absolutely requisite to the attainment of happiness with the necessary exertions, he is a stranger to what he most wishes to be acquainted with, ease and content. If he is not endowed with riches, the approach of poverty must rouse him from his lethargic state, and call his mental powers into action. Still under the influence of this prevailing propensity, the love of inactivity is the predominant principle, and rather than engage in an undertaking, where exertions will be necessary, he studies the mode by which he can acquire a subsistence with the greatest facility. The prospect of making the credulity or weakness of his fellow creatures subservient to his designs, naturally presents itself. For it is impossible for any one, who is, by necessity or inclination, induced to reflect, to avoid seeing how greatly the world at large is exposed to deception, and private individuals to imposition. The road of vice lies immediately before him, allures him with its pleasing shade, and promises the attainment of his highest wishes. His gradation from the verge of the precipice of vice to the extremity of the horrible abyss is rapid and certain, and probably ere he is roused from his fascination, or has shook off his lethargy, the dread executioner, whose dart is extended towards all mankind, commissioned by offended justice, arrests his speedy carreer. Death finds him in possession of nothing but accumulated guilt, and leaving the enjoyment of nothing but wretchedness. Misery attended him in his journey thro' life, and infamy at the close. Reader, do not conceive that a disordered fancy has conjured up such a hateful phantom as I have endeavoured to depict the victim of indolence, suppose it not a mere bug-bear of the imagination, for the picture was not drawn from visionary forms, but from reality. Then let him who conceals within him the detestable seed of unhappiness to himself and the community, rouse himself, reflect on his situation, shudder at his danger, and shake off the liliputian chains, ere they have acquired strength and durability,—or—let him remain obstinately determined to persevere, let him refuse to pay a due attention to the suggestions of truth and of experience, and ruin, guilt and wretchedness will convince him of his error and his folly. The amiable and interesting COWPER, beautifully and energetically reprobates the indulgence of indolent propensities, which are both vicious and dangerous. I shall without hesitation, and without soliciting the approbation of the reader, quote some lines from his "Task," as no person of taste and discernment can withhold their acknowledgement of his beauties.

> The sedentary stretch their lazy length
> When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
> For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
> Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
> And withered muscle, and the vapid soul
> Reproach the owner with that love of rest,
> To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.
> Not such the alert and active. Measure life
> By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
> And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
> Good health, and its associate in the most,
> Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
> And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
> The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs:
> Even age itself, seems privileged in them
> With clear exemption from its own defeats;
> A sparkling eye, beneath a wrinkled front,
> The veteran shows, and gracing a grey beard
> With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave
> Sprightly and old almost without decay.
> Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
> Farthest retires—an idol at whose shrine
> Who oftnest sacrifice are favoured least.

But I must pause, or my fondness for my favourite COWPER might be extended too far. However, as the old gentleman we read of, when his son demanded money of him, told him to read Plutarch, and in that he would find all he wanted, so to the indolent reader, a prey to ennui, and seeking amusement, I can say with equal propriety—read COWPER, and there you will find entertainment blended with instruction, and elegant simplicity of language with rationality of argument.

J.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

As several persons, whom I highly esteem, misunderstood some of the sentiments contained in the following discourse, I think it a duty I owe to myself, to lay it before them and the public: convinced that my intentions are good, and willing to add my mite to alleviate the distresses of humanity.

When I wrote it, it was only designed for the society of which I have the honour of being a member. If I had entertained the most distant thought of publishing, I would undoubtedly have given it another form. The time of speaking in the society is limited and therefore many arguments are but glanced at, and many are necessarily overlooked—yet, imperfect as it is, perhaps it may lead some persons to serious considerations on this important subject.

JAMES CARSON.

THOUGHTS

DELIVERED IN THE *FRANKLINEAN SOCIETY*, ON THIS QUESTION,

"*Are the Negroes equal to White Men in point of Intellect?*"

BY A MEMBER.

SIR,

I FEEL this evening but one cause of regret; that is, a want of ability to do proper justice to the excellent cause on which I am to deliver a few thoughts.

To advocate the cause of suffering humanity, and defend the rights of the oppressed, what task can be more noble? what more elevating to the human mind? It can only be surpassed by that christianized disposition, that godlike act, which breaks the chains, burns the whip, and bestows freedom.

The enslaved negro calls loudly on the sensible of the world for their commiseration. Oppressed for near 200 years, by men who basely assume the Christian name, and render it odious by their practice. Yet deprived of his natural and civil rights, there still remained *one source* of consolation—the negro *felt* and *believed* that he was a *man*. He believed in a universal Cause; considered, that although oppressed, he was the son of Omnipotence, and that his Father would finally free him from the power of the oppressor. This thought consoled him in his distress, and supported him under his sufferings—it was his last resource—a ray of comfort which pierced the darkness with which he was surrounded, and enabled him to endure the ills of life. And *man*, envious *man*, even his brother, endeavours to wrest from him this last ray of consolation!!!!.....Astonishing!!!! and in America too—the land of liberty and light—of equality and patriotism, of sympathy and fellow-feeling for the woes of others!——Still more, in the FRANKLINEAN SOCIETY men are found, who say the black man is a *brute*—a species

of ouran-outang—a link of the chain which unites the analogies of nature, or man and beasts.——But let me not be censorious: I trust the gentlemen who have espoused this unfeeling opinion, *who would thus add to the load, God knows already too heavy*, under which the suffering negro painfully bends, espouse it only for argument's sake, and with the best intention bring forward all the arguments which their ingenuity can suggest, that so the negro's rights may be still more effectually established.

Before I proceed farther in this subject, I think it expedient to define what is meant by the terms "equal in point of intellect."

Intellect, or understanding, comprehends all the powers which we denominate the soul. To define these, and to mark their limits, is beyond the wisdom of man. To deduce from causes the difference with respect to the expansion of intellectual power, which appears in every nation on the habitable world, is beyond our finite capacity. It mocks our feeble efforts. On this we must pause, and own our ignorance.

Here one, white and well proportioned, is scarce teachable; there another sallow complexioned and deformed, is possessed of admirable acuteness of judgment. A century passes without scarce a man of genius above mediocrity; the next boasts of a man of genius in almost every village. To say, therefore, how far intellect is expanded or improved in any nation, is difficult; and to determine this, we must not have recourse to a Newton, a Boyle, or a Priestly. Nor must we look only on the uninformed dunce, who appears just advanced above the idiot. We must take the middle walk; and there the strength of their intellect must be determined by their behaviour.

I shall confine any observations I may make on this subject, to the following topics:

1st. I will prove that the negro is a man, and not a brute, or a species of intelligence between a man and brute.

2nd. Prove that intellect is equally distributed to the human family.

Man is a being who feels, reflects, thinks, contrives and acts, makes laws for the regulation of his own conduct, rewards for obedience, punishes for crimes, delivers his thoughts by the faculty of speech; and to crown the whole, he is *religious*. Men are various in size, shape, physiognomy and colour. But the essential powers of intellect, or mind, are seen in every situation and in every clime.

The feeling mind revolts at the thought, and proceeds with reluctance to prove that the negro is a man. It is hurt by the comparison, because it so hurts the sensibility of others. But we must proceed.—That the ouran-outang is not a species of men, is easily proven. They cannot instruct each other, they have not the faculty of speech: They can taste the advantages derivable from fire, but they cannot teach their fellows how to make a fire: They feel the advantages of clothes, but they never instruct their fellows how to obtain these advantages; and no person has ever pretended to say they are religious. The negro speaks, thinks, legislates, punishes for crimes, rewards for virtues, improves himself, teaches his fellow, alters his plans, and worships the Supreme Being. We must therefore conclude, that since he feels as man feels, thinks as man thinks, speaks, improves, and reasons as man does, that he is undoubtedly a man, and not a species of monkey.

1st Objection. But, says one of my opposers, it is granted that he is a man, but of an inferior order. As I shall have an opportunity of examining this objection in discussing the second proposition I have laid down, I shall take no notice of it here.

2nd Objection. The barbarous state in which the negroes live, their ignorance of arts and science, their uniformity or sameness of character, having no great warriors, no poets, no painters among them, argue that they are not equal to us in intellectual power, but are an inferior species. To obviate this objection, and prove that the negro has, by evil and designing men, been slanderously described, I will resort to facts attested by the best and latest historians; let them speak, and from them I will deduce my conclusions.

THAT part of Guinea which lies between the rivers Gambia and Senegal, is inhabited by three nations: the Jalofs, Fulis, and Mandingoes. The country is fertile, scarce a spot is left uncultivated; order and regularity prevails.

In Astley's Collections, we find the following account of the Jalofs:

"The king has under him several ministers of state, who assist in the exercise of justice. The grand Jerafo is the chief justice, and goes in circuit to hear complaints, and determine controversies; the treasurer exercises the same employment, and under him are the alkairs, or governors of towns. The kondi, or viceroy goes the circuit with the chief justice, to hear causes, and inspect into the behaviour of the governors. The ancientest are preferred to be the prince's counsellors, and the men of most judgment and experience are the judges."

Of the Fulis we have the following account from Moore's Travels in Africa: "They live on both sides of the river Senegal, are good farmers, and make great harvests of corn, cotton, and tobacco; their chiefs rule with much moderation; few of them will drink spirituous liquor, or any thing stronger than sugar and water; in their religion they are strict Mahometans; their form of government goes on easy, because the people are so well instructed in what is right, that a man who *does ill* is the abomination of *all*. If any of their people are known to be in slavery, all the Fulis will join to redeem him. They support the aged, the lame and the blind, and supply the wants of their neighbours as far as their ability goes."—Yet see these sober, industrious, religious, civil, lovers of right and haters of wrong, rewarders of virtue, and punishers of vice—these charitable, affectionate and humane—are negroes, a species of monkey, says one gentleman—A link of that chain which joins man and beast, says another—Creatures of inferior soul, says a third—Astonishing!!!—to what lengths can prejudice carry men!

But to proceed: the Mandingoes can read and write Arabic tolerably, and are a good hospitable people, carry on a very considerable inland trade, and none of their people are made slaves of, but such as are guilty of crimes. In Astley's Collections, we are told they say their prayers thrice a day. Each village has a priest who calls them to their duty; and, says the author, it is surprising to see the modesty, attention, and reverence they observed during worship. He asked some of their priests the purport of their prayers; their uniform answer was, that they adored God by prostrating themselves before him, by humbling themselves, they expressed their own insignificancy, and farther intreated him to forgive their faults, deliver them from evil, and give them all necessary good. The negro priests are remarkable for sobriety; they gain a livelihood by teaching school, in which the boys are taught to read and write. The priests also travel the country instructing, and so eminent is their purity of manners, that in war and peace they are equally protected.

These three nations practice several trades; smiths, potters, sadlers, weavers; and their smiths work neatly in iron, gold, silver.

In Adamson's Voyage to Senegal, where

he was from 1749 to 1753, he has the following pertinent remarks:

"Which ever way I turn my eyes on this pleasant country, I behold a perfect image of pure nature; the rural situation of the cottages among the trees, the negroes in ease and indolence reclining under the shade of their spreading foliage, the simplicity of their dress and manners, the whole revived in my mind the idea of our first parents, and I seemed to contemplate the world in its primitive state. The people are, generally speaking, very good-natured, sociable, and obliging, and I was agreeably amused with their *dialogues, fables,* and *witty stories.*" Speaking of astronomy—"It is amazing (says he) that such an illiterate people should reason so pertinently in regard to the heavenly bodies; there is no doubt, but with proper instruments and a good will, they would be excellent astronomers."

The ivory coast of Guinea is not so well known; to their honour be it spoken, they suffer not the Europeans to come among them, and therefore they live in PEACE.

With the slave coast, alas! to our eternal disgrace, we are better acquainted.—We found it happy, and we see it miserable.—Europeans,—Christians—visited the kingdom of Axim—It was a paradise—simplicity of manners, peace and contentment were there.—But they sowed VICE, drunkeness, murder and theft—theft of all others the most criminal—the stealing of men.—"Before the last war, (says Smith, in his Voyage to Guinea, page 112,) it abounded with fine, well-built, populous towns, and all the inhabitants industriously employed in agriculture, pressing the oil, or drawing the wine from the palm trees,—but now it is almost a desart, without sufficient inhabitants to cultivate the country."

Bosman tells us—"The negroes of Whidah have a faint idea of the true God, they think he has committed the care of the world to inferior deities, whom they worship, but when some of the wisest of them are strictly examined, they confess they do not believe in these little gods,—yet they dare not change their religion for fear of the populace."

And this is confirmed by Smith, who says, "All the natives of this coast believes there is one true God, the author of them and all things, and they believe in a future state. *Encyclop. page* 183. *Guin.*

[To be concluded next week.]

REMARK—An absolute prince seldom loves any but absolute scoundrels.

ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE EMPEROR PAUL.

The Emperor Paul (when he was Grand Duke) posted the Grand Dutchess on a height, to serve as a point of attack to his troops, while he defended the approaches. One day, I remember, he placed her thus in the ruinous balcony of an old wooden mansion, round which he disposed his troops for defence: one party of his troops he had given to Major Lindener, with orders to make the attack according to his own plan. This plan was to establish the reputation of the Major, and Paul prepared for the most able resistance. The Princess, meanwhile, remained fixed on the tower, exposed to a heavy rain. Paul hastened to every point where he expected to meet the enemy, and pranced about amid the rain as proudly as Charles the XII. in a shower of musket-shots. One hour passed after another, the rain redoubled its violence, and no enemy appeared. Paul entertaining a high opinion of his Prussian, presumed that he had made a skilful march behind the wood to surprise him more effectually; accordingly he visited, changed, and reinforced his advanced posts every moment, and sent out parties to reconnoitre and scour the country. Frequently a noble impatience getting the better of him or his horse, he gallopped a considerable way to meet the enemy, with whose tardiness he began to be dissatisfied. Presently his impatience was changed into rage and vexation. Lindener had taken the field early, and had made a long round thro' the estate of Soltikoff, to arrive at the village, but he had gotten his column entangled among the hedges and gardens, which threw it into confusion, and he knew not how to march out, while he had not room to form his line: the aides-de-camp who came from Paul every moment to order him to make haste, completely confused his mind, and he could find no resource but to pretend that he was seized with a violent cholic, hasten home, and leave his troops to themselves. Paul, enraged at having made such an excellent disposition of his forces in vain, spurred on his horse as hard as he could gallop to the palace, there to digest his rage, leaving his wife, his army, and those whom he had invited to see the famous manœuvre, wet to the skin.

Anecdote.—A schoolmaster in this city lately told his scholars, that they must be in school every morning a little *before* seven, in order that they might be there *precisely at* seven!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

FROM your Repository, No. 43, it appears, that W. B. has exhibited such charges against me, as you do not think yourself bound to communicate, unless the writer thinks proper to take the responsibility of their meeting the public eye entirely upon himself.

Notwithstanding the writer has not appeared to vindicate his charges against me, yet I wish his remarks may meet the public eye, I therefore request you to insert them in the next number of your Paper.

I am your's respectfully,

ANDREW LAW.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 16, 1801.

It is with a considerable degree of diffidence, notwithstanding the request of the gentleman concerned, that the editor permits the following communication to appear before the public. Personal invective ought never to be used on any subject; and he begs leave to observe, that whatever discussion may take place, in consequence of the present publication, decency of language will be indispensably necessary.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

BEING at the Uranian Society the other evening, I was very much pleased to hear the tune *New-York,* sung in its original style, and better, I think, than ever I heard it sung in Philadelphia. The immortal Mr. Law, (as his friends calls him) in endeavouring to alter, has almost ruined this excellent tune, by placing the original Tenor in the stave appropriated for the Counter, and making the most insipid and flat Tenor (to all musical ears) that it were possible for him to make. *New-York,* in its original form, is, I think, one of the best pieces in our possession at the present day. And this conceited genius, to ruin such a tune for the sake of IMMORTALIZING his name, cannot be treated with sufficient contempt. When, at the same time, the Uranian Society deserve the applause of every lover of music, for bringing the tunes forward in their original form. This Society bids fair to be the means of bringing that delightful art to its greatest perfection, and I think deserves encouragement from every friend to music. Far from being a set of quacks, as Mr. Law calls them, this Society is composed of a chosen set of

the best singers that Philadelphia contains, and the malicious insinuations thrown out against them by Mr. Law, makes him appear to every impartial judge, a conceited and malicious quack. W. B.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Gazer, No. 2.

'Tis fear and anxious expectation.

IN many of the periodical publications, perhaps the greater part of them that have hitherto appeared, the authors have universally made mention of their anxiety for the reception of their first number; I had concluded, upon the perusal of them, that it was only feigned, and that their similarity in this respect, must be attributed to what "The Pedestrian" is pleased to call "*abhorred plagiarism*,"—but after my first letter had been dropped into the letter-box, I became a prey to almost the same sensations.—The evening after publication completed them; and I was resolved to make an excursion through my acquaintances in the city, and hear the remarks that might be made upon it.—I passed through several circles, but I had the mortification to find that my production was hardly noticed.—When the Repository turned to be the topic of conversation, I began to be enlivened, hoping that the glaring appearance of "The Gazer," would soon attract attention; but almost every piece in the Repository came into notice before the Gazer was even mentioned. A young gentleman at length raising his eyes from something that had attracted his attention in the paper for a considerable time, addressing himself to the company, exclaims with an air of curiosity—"Who writes the Gazer?"—I anxiously waited for a reply, but the company were silent—their attention, however, was turned towards it.—"What a monstrous name!" exclaims a pretty Miss who sat next me.—"Why, really, Fanny, it is ugly," answered her companion, "but he excuses himself for it."—"Don't you think, Madam," said a young gentleman, who appeared to be devoting his attention to Miss Fanny, "don't you think that he has a very high opinion of his abilities?" Thus were they engaged in conversation on the author of the piece before them, with little idea of his being present.—I retired to my lodgings almost discouraged at my disappointed hopes—But what could be done—I had already pushed myself into public view, should I shrink from it at first shewing my face, and thereby incur infamy on the name—or should I continue in my first design, and by my "awkward manner of expression and relation," as one of the company observed I used, induce the editor to debar me from public notice.—One week I remained in deliberation, but at length I was resolved at all events to continue—by remaining inactive I incurred certain disgrace; by pursuing my intentions I might preserve the credit of periodical publications, contribute something to the amusement, perhaps instruction of the readers of the Repository, and arrive at the goal of my first expectations.—I snatched up my pen with a determination to lay it down no more in despair, but continue to exhibit to public view those things which I had heretofore dropped into my *budget*.

During the course of my numbers I will particularly endeavour to keep in the good graces of the fair sex, but I fear some of my ideas of morality will not coincide with theirs—Could I with satire accomplish my end, without offending, I should be pleased—I will at least attempt it.

In my late expeditions of gazing, I have passed thro' some scenes, which, if related to persons possessed of the smallest degree of sensibility, would open the celestial fount of pity, and dissolve her pearly orbs over the heads of the oppressed mortals—Delicacy will not permit the relation of some—others I will freely submit to the public.

A "ware of a more substantial nature than promises" was expected to succeed the first number—the second has brought nothing very *substantial* along with it, but the third will open with a tale, lately related to me by the wretched heroine, which, I presume, will sufficiently introduce me to the attention of the public. Z.

PHILADELPHIA,

SEPTEMBER 19, 1801.

Marriages.

When on thy bosom I recline
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life:
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise
Of husband and of wife.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Thomas Marshall, of Liverpool, (G. B.) to Miss Mary Dick, of Marcushook....On the 12th, by Alderman Wharton, Mr, William Levis, stationer, to Miss Sarah Crispin.

.....At New-York, on the 15th, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Daniel Fisher, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Eliza Gosman, daughter of Mr. George Gosman, all of that city.

.....At Chester, on the 17th, by Isaac Eyres, Esq. Mr. Stephen Horne, to Miss Eliza Adams, both of Darby, (D. C.)

IN a late Boston Paper, actually occurs the following marriage—Mr. John Thing to Miss Betsy Calfe. This young lady probably is of opinion that it is better to be any-*Thing* than a *Calf*.

Deaths.

Life's fairest views are but an airy dream,
Frail as the transient cloud, or bubble on the stream.

DIED....In this City....On the 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Ewing, wife of William Ewing, Esq....On the 8th, Mrs. Ann Bayly, consort of Col. Thomas Bayly, of Accomac County, Virginia....On the 16th, Mr. John Vannest, taylor....On the 17th, Dr. David Jackson, sen. one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county, and an alderman of the city.....Same day, Mr. George Roberts, merchant.

.....At the Lazaretto, Dr. Hall, Visiting Physician at that establishment.

.....At Roadstown, (N. J.) on the 8th inst. Col. Aulay M'Calla, Æt. 41.

.....At New-York, Mr. John Byrne, Keeper of the Tontine Coffee House, in that City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor has uniformly given the preference to *original compositions*, and has not been a little partial to juvenile essays, when at all admissible, as he conceives it of importance to encourage youthful genius. But at the same time, he would hint to his young friends the necessity of interesting their readers by other means than promises, *long winded introductions* to *short essays*, or unnecessary remarks upon their own performances. If they wish to obtain the goal of fame, or be useful to mankind, they must be less prodigal of self-praise, write with greater care, study with more assiduity, and display a higher degree of *invention*. The latter especially is of importance—"Invention," says Buffon, "depends on *patience*: contemplate your subject long: it will gradually unrol and unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then are come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for production and composition, hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing desk, and still been in a state of pleasure."—The editor will not at present make any particular application of these remarks, but he expects they will be duly attended to.

"*S—'s Cipher*," has been so often published, that almost every person is acquainted with it: besides, its construction is of the most simple kind.

Remarks "*on Juvenile Composition*," are of too juvenile a nature for publication.

"*A Young Artist*," will appear next week.

The editor informs "*Andrew Anvil*," *publicly*, that he does not employ his time "*in private*," solving enigmas, or answering questions, and that if he will not condescend to give the answer himself "*in private*," he must not expect his "*Enigmatical List*" will appear *in public*.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE THUNDER STORM.

NOW gloomy night again involves the skies,
And storm-portentous, awful clouds arise;
Lull'd is the breeze that blew along the plain,
And solemn silence holds her awful reign.
Each beast now seeks his cave, each bird its nest,
Fatigu'd, and weary,—man retires to rest.
And now the sable clouds invest the skies,
Thick clouds of dust upon the winds arise;
The warring elements are fill'd with ire,
And flashing lightning wraps the skies in fire; (plain,
Loud peals of thunder shake the trembling
And horror triumphs 'midst the dreadful scene.
Lo! from the clouds the torrent swift descends,
Press'd by the storm the ancient forest bends,
The scatter'd fragments of the torn up trees,
Fly, like the stubble, in the gentle breeze;
An awful darkness ev'ry object shrouds,
Save when the lightning flashes from the clouds.
The foaming billows of old ocean roar,
Alternate rise, and burst upon the shore.
Driv'n by the storm, the shatter'd vessel flies,
Sinks in the gulph, or mounts towards the skies;
Amidst the rigging roars the furious blast;
And vivid lightning rends the shiv'ring mast.
Still, toss'd about upon the stormy waves,
The fearless seaman ev'ry peril braves;
And while the surging waves the ship o'erwhelm,
He stands undaunted at the pump, or helm.
But all his art is vain, his labour's lost,
His vessel strands upon the dreary coast:
No human being nigh t' assist, and save,—
He sinks, o'erwhelm'd by the surging wave.

But fancy calls me from the dreadful sight,
To view the glories of the morning light:—
See in the east the rising sun breaks forth,
And casts his beams upon the freshen'd earth;
All nature hails refresh'd, the rising day,
And o'er the plains the fragrant breezes play,
The Storm has ceas'd, the winds are lull'd to rest,
And calmness reigns upon the ocean's breast.

ABEL RILAHRMAM.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IN yonder cot beside the hill,
That meets the eye so fair;
There free from pomp and lux'ry dwell,
A worthy happy pair.

No ornaments adorn their dome:
All is simplicity:
There temp'rance ever has her home,
With mild frugality.

Now eighteen months are nearly gone,
Since they were join'd, with joy,
And heav'n has bless'd them with a son,
A healthy smiling boy.

They soothe the mourning widow's grief,
And dry the orphan's tear:
The poor there ever find relief,
And meet with welcome cheer.

They never wish for fame or wealth,
Nor envy 'other's lot,
But dwell with smiling rosy health,
Content within their cot.

When in the east bright Pœbus glows,
And opes the morning gay,
They rise then from their calm repose,
And hail the rising day.

The husband tills the fruitful soil,
In hopes that heav'n will pour
Its blessing down, and crown his toil
With just sufficient store.

He tills with care the fertile ground,
But only toils with ease:
In autumn all his labour's crown'd
With plenty and with peace.

When surly frowning winter reigns,
And all is gloom around,
When Boreas howls across the plains
Where joy was lately found.

Then happy by the frugal board
They sit with all their friends;
And thank the Great Almighty Lord,
Who ev'ry blessing sends.

Long may they, as the seasons roll,
Enjoy a happy life!
Still ev'ry virtue warm each soul,
And may they know no strife.

LEANDER.

ON AN INFANT,

TWO YEARS OF AGE.

[Written by MISS BOWDLER.]

SWEET blossom, opening to the beams of day!
Dear object of affection's tender care!
For whom she gently smooths the painful way,
Inspires the anxious wish, the ardent pray'r!

How pleasing in thy infant mind to trace
The dawn of reason's force, of fancy's fire,
The soft impression of each future grace,
And all a parent's warmest hopes desire!

How sweet that smile, unknown to ev'ry art,
Inspir'd by innocence, and peace, and joy!
How pure the transports of thy guiltless heart,
Which yet no fears alarm, no cares annoy.

No airy phantoms of uncertain woe,
The blessings of the present hour allay;
No empty hopes a fancied good bestow,
Then leave the soul to real grief a prey.

Gay pleasure sparkles in thy gentle eye,
Some new delight in every scene appears;
Yet soft affection heaves a secret sigh,
And sends an anxious look to distant years.

While those dear smiles with tender love I view,
And o'er thy infant charms enraptur'd bend,
Does my fond hope a real good pursue?
And do these arms embrace a future friend?

Should heaven to me a lengthen'd date assign,
Will e'er that love thy gentle heart engage
With friendship's purest flame to answer mine,
And charm the languor of declining age?

Yet not for me these ardent wishes rise;
Beyond the limits of my fleeting years,
For thee, dear babe, my prayers ascend the skies,
And pleasing hope my anxious bosom cheers.

May innocence still guard thy artless youth,
Ere vice and folly's snares thy breast alarm,
While sweetness, modesty, and spotless truth,
Beam from thy soul, and brighten ev'ry charm!

May heaven to thee its choicest gifts impart,
Beyond what wealth bestows, or pride pursues;
With ev'ry virtue animate thy heart,
And raise thy efforts to the noblest views.

In transport wrapt may each fond parent see
Thro' rising years those virtue's still improve,
While every tender care now felt for thee,
Thy heart repays with never-ceasing love.

When pleasure smiles, and strews thy path with flow'rs,
And youthful fancy doubles every joy,
May brighter hopes attend thy gayest hours,
And point to bliss which time can ne'er destroy!

And when the pangs of woe thy breast must tear, (more,
When pleasure fades and fancy charms no
Still may those hopes the gloomy prospect cheer,
Unmov'd by grief, unchang'd by fortune's pow'r.

May love, esteem, and friendship crown thy days,
With joys to guilt unknown, from doubt secure,
While heavenly truth inspires the voice of praise. (dure!
And bids that praise beyond the world en-

Thro' life to virtue's sacred dictates true,
Be such thy joys as angels must approve,
Such as may lead to raptures ever new,
To endless peace, and purest bliss above.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*